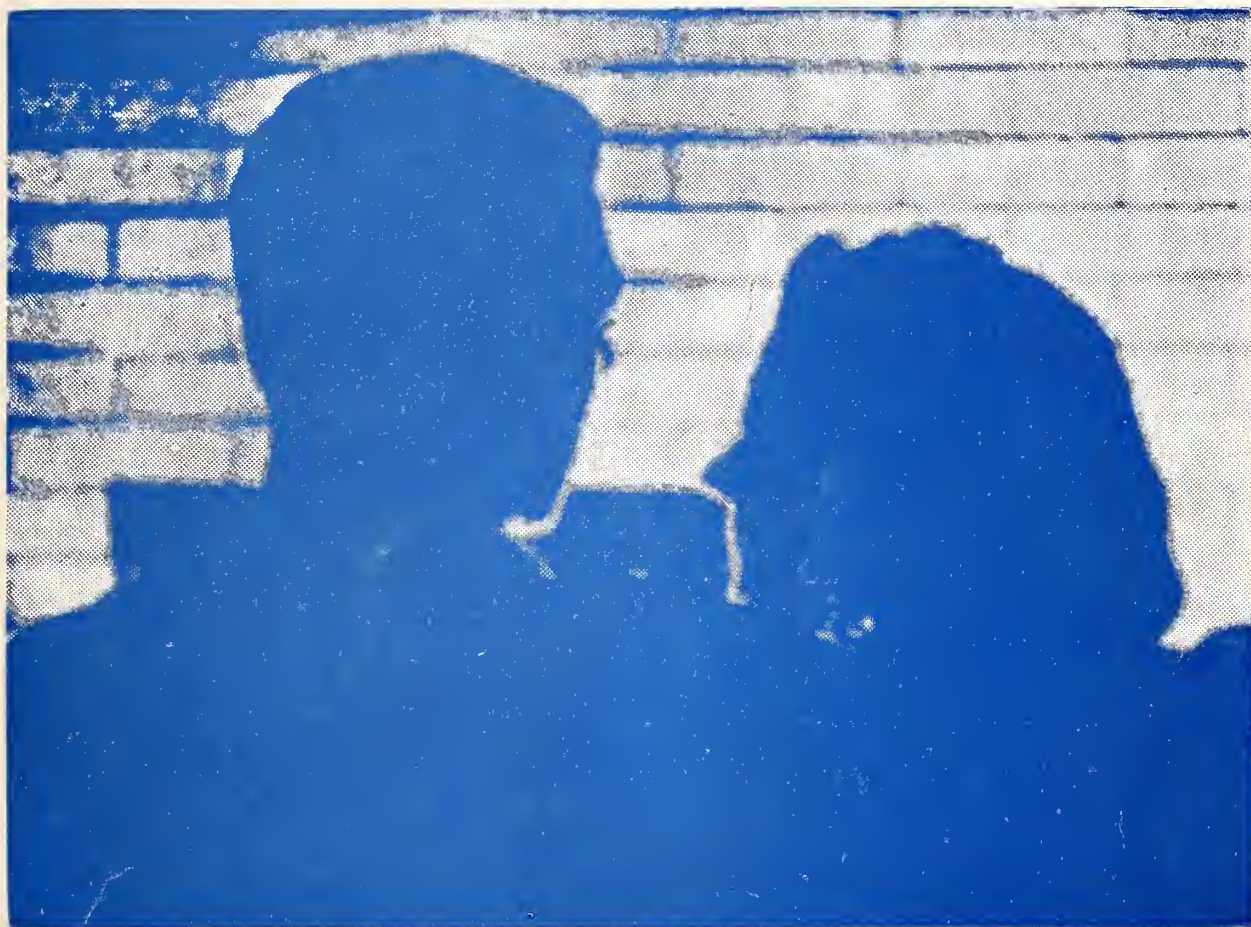


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# TIGERAMA



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Fireside Issue, March 1939

Arkansas City, Kansas, Junior College







Left to right, front row, they are: Lawrence Swaim, Wayne Howard, David Benjamin, Warren Thomas, Oran Begwin, and Jim Tully. In the back row: Coach Daniel Stark, Vernon Aitson, Junior Shea, Craig Howes, Lloyd Cochran, Clifford Anderson, and John Shea.

## Basketball Team Is Second

The Tigers opened their season early in December with a 41-37 triumph over the St. Johns club of Winfield at Winfield. The Orange and Black team rallied to come from behind in the final half for the victory. Lawrence Swaim, big Tiger center, and Howard tied for high point honors for Coach Stark's crew with 10 points each.

Following this victory, the Tigers played a full game scrimmage with the Southwestern College "B" team on the auditorium floor in an afternoon practice. The Builders won 32-24. Coach Stark used his entire squad in individual test of the players under game conditions. Benjamin led the Tigers scorers with 6 points. Howard made 4 points. The local points were scattered among ten different players.

After improving at a steady rate through daily December practice drills and a series of four pre-conference battles, Coach Dan Stark's junior college Tigers opened their conference schedule as a serious western division contender with a sweeping 40-29 victory over the Pratt Junior College quintet at Pratt, Friday night, Jan. 6.

Pratt, playing in the conference for the first time, opened up with a 10-2 lead in the first four

minutes of play. Then Dave Benjamin, offensively-minded Orange and Black guard, took charge of Tiger scoring operations. He dropped five consecutive shots into the bucket to put the Tigers back on top to stay.

The Tigers settled down to control the game the rest of the way. They led 25-15 at halftime.

Benjamin served noticed that he was a strong contender for the division's individual scoring honors with a total of 17 points for the evening's work. Wayne Howard, lanky forward, made 9

With Wayne Howard stepping to the free throw line in the second half to turn the tame Tigers into a snarling victory-mad quintet, the Tigers spurted in the final two period to overcome a top-heavy Maverick lead, and win going away, 25-16. Howard calmly toed the black line to slip six out of seven free throws into the net for points early in the second half.

His performance geared up the Tiger attack, and, although it did not function too smoothly, it proved adequate for the hard-blocking Sooners.

Howard's free throw line work gave him top individual honors for the evening with 9 points. Benjamin registered just behind him with a total of 7 points.



Coach Stark fashioned his offensively inclined team from one of the largest squads, 34 players, ever to report for junior college basketball here.

Throughout the pre-conference games, which the Tigers divided evenly, winning two and losing two, Coach Stark shifted the players continuously in an effort to determine his best combination.

Of the four games, only the Tonkawa assignment was played on the home floor. Basketball fans even then received only a slight inkling of the real potentialities of the club.

The next week end Coach Stark took his Tigers, still unable to work smoothly together, to Wichita to play Friends University. The Quakers raced off with the ball game, but the Tigers again showed signs of offensive class by piling up 37 points. Friends totaled 44 points, however.

Oran Begwin, regular forward on last year's Bulldog quintet won top scoring honors for the evening with 14 points. Benjamin was close behind with an even dozen points.

Following the Tonkawa game here, the squad took a brief holiday rest before invading Parsons for a shot at the Cardinals, 1938 conference champions. The Parsons team pulled out the game in overtime 48-46, but only after two of the Tigers had fouled out of the ball game. Coach Stark, due to a shortage of grade A reserves, was forced to use third-string men in one of the guard positions. The Cardinals spurted in the final ten minutes of play to overcome a 10-point lead and then went on to outscore the Tigers in the overtime period.

Next week after the Parsons defeat the Cats traveled to Pratt for a game with the newly formed Pratt jocos. Benjamin ran wild, scoring seventeen points and the Prattsters were downed 40 to 29.

Dodge City came roaring into town the next week for the second conference game, and went back home disgusted, 34 to 32.

Hutch came visiting the Bengals the following week, and the jocos played the perfect host all the way. This team is the only one in the league that has defeated the local boys twice.

The story was different next week when the boys were again to be host to a conference team. They enjoyed a successful evening against El Dorado, and seemed to be back on the road to victory again, 38 to 23.

It just took the St. Johns team from Winfield forty minutes of hard fighting to down the home team, 29 to 22 and show them that they were not on the little traveled road to victory. This is the game in which Begwin lost two of his bicuspid.

Thus it was that the Tigers found that famed road and started to travel it regularly. They racked up five straight wins, three of which were played on foreign courts. Dodge City was the first victim, 42 to 36, as the Arkansas City laddies showed it was not luck the first time. They went on to Garden City the next evening and gave the Cowboys a lesson in court tactics, 40 to 32. Then they beat Friends U., 40 to 34, on the home floor and the next week handed Garden City another small pay check, 40 to 31. A rough evening at Tonkawa marked the Tiger's next contest, but the locals, led by Warren Thomas, smashed the Oklahoma quintet, 53 to 43.

Now comes the saddest story of the junior

college season. The Tigers were riding in second place and stood a good chance of finishing in a tie for first by defeating the Hutchinson five. The Blue Dragons, however, had a different story to print, and took possession of the Western crown by virtue of a 40 to 39 victory over the Starksters. The game went into two overtime periods, in which A. C. was fouled ten times while bucketing six field goals.

One more game remained on the juco schedule at this writing. The locals were doped to emerge victors over Pratt to complete a very successful season.

Coach Stark, with only one regular guard on the trip, was forced to shift Junior Shea, a forward, back to the open guard position to start the game. Shea came through with a sweet ball game.

Benjamin again led the scorers with 13 points. Howard was close behind with 11 points.

The Tigers have shown from the very start of the season a strong offense. In their first five ball games, described above, the Tigers averaged 38 points per game. In those five games four different players shared individual scoring honors.

With the team heading into the conference campaign as a serious threat for the western division title, Coach Stark's outfit presents a balanced mixture of sophomores and freshman.

Lawrence Swaim, big sophomore center, will see plenty of service at the pivot post. Craig Howes, a tall, lean center candidate has drawn the reserve assignment and is an especially strong defensive player.

At the forward posts four lads are staging a great fight for positions, but at the present writing Wayne Howard and Oran Begwin, both freshmen, are starting the games. The other two forwards are Junior Shea, sophomore letterman, and little "Peanuts" Aitson, who plays a smart floor game.

Aitson has been bothered with injuries ever since the opening of basketball practice and has not yet worked himself into form. A bad foot blister infection kept the little Indian on the sidelines for four weeks.

Back at the guard jobs, Dave Benjamin, the high-scoring sophomore, seems assured of steady work. The other position is a dog-fight among Leon Jurshe, sophomore, and Warren Thomas and Jim Tully, two freshman who handled the Bulldogs' guard assignments last winter.

Other players receiving considerable attention from Coach Stark include Carl Kuntz, Fred Duncan, and Loyd Cochran, all freshmen guards.

Coach Stark is devoting much of the practice session work to defense. If the Tigers can be taught to curb their opponents' scoring activities, "gangway for the conference championship." The Tigers narrowly missed in their title bid last year with aveteran sophomore ball club. They dropped two close games to the El Dorado Grizzlies, western division winners, after leading throughout both games up until the final minutes.

The Hutchinson Blue Dragons are rated the top threat of the western division. Composed entirely of players from the '36 and '37 Hutchinson high school campaigns, the Dragons opened the current season with an easy victory over the Grizzlies, defending titleholders.

The state junior college conference is divided.  
(Continued on page 7)



# New Juco Home - Maybe!

After 16 years in the same building with the high school, the Arkansas City Junior College hopes to move to a new and exclusive home.

When the college was founded in 1922, it had a student body of 60, and a faculty of four. Today it has a student body of 306, a faculty of 21, and offers 72 courses in 15 general fields. The resulting crowded condition has naturally produced many registration problems. The new arrangement will not only alleviate this, but it will also enable the high school to remedy some of its crowded class room conditions.

The growth of the junior college has been phenomenal. For 8 years after its founding, the curriculum, the size of the student body, and the faculty stayed at a standstill. Then in 1930 Prin. E. A. Funk of the senior high school, was made Dean of the junior college, with K. R. Galle as assistant dean.

One year after the appointment of these men, the faculty, the student body, and the curriculum had more than doubled. The Student body, which had never exceeded 100 before, jumped to 266. The number of courses jumped to more than 50, and the faculty jumped from 4 to 20. But this was not the end. It was but the beginning of the growth which has continued up to the present time.

That the depression kept more collegians at or near home is by no means the whole reason for the growth of the college during this period, though of course it had profound effect.

The building which is to house the junior college is an old school building built in 1890 for use as a high school, and now is being used as a sixth grade building.

The plan is to repoint the masonry and tear out the whole interior. Then the building will be rebuilt with steel-reinforced concrete covered with tile replacing the present wood flooring. All partitions will be reformed and lockers set into the walls.

Everything will be modern, especially the library. This room will be of a glass brick construction, which will make it the "lightest" room in the building.

This building will put the junior college in a better home than the majority of the surrounding junior colleges, which share with the high schools. But academically there can be no improvement, for the Arkansas City junior college stands at the top now. Its credits have been accepted by leading senior colleges throughout the country. And as a junior college it has the largest percentage of its enrollment graduating of any junior college in Kansas, thus its great student "holding power."

## Three Gridsters Are Picked for All-State

There were three boys picked from the Tigers for the honor of being all-state

Leon Jursche, 185 pounds, and end from Frontenac, was perhaps the most outstanding end in the Juco conference. "Cherry Nose", as Leon was known to his team mates, was one of the first to get down under a punt. He was a blocker who used his head on offense.

Joe Manatowa, 185 pounds, a slashing full-back from Stroud, Okla., was without question the best passer in the conference. If a yard was needed, Joe could make it. He was the leading point maker of the Tiger squad.

Melvin "Shorty" Long, 165 pounds, a roaring guard from Pitcher, Okla., was hailed as one of the best guards ever to play in the conference. Shorty was in the opponent's backfield about the whole game. Nineteen coaches and sports writers voted unanimously for "Shorty", to give him the captaincy of the all-state team.

On the second all-state team, Vernon "Peanuts" Aitson, little Indian from Mt. View, Oklahoma, was the outstanding broken-field runner, who gave the fans many a thrill with his tricky runs.

Those who received honorable mention were Rose, Dunlap, Dittman, Bottero and Pappan.

## All Good Things

I can't describe very well the feeling that came over me as I stood on the platform outside the railway station waiting for the train that would bring me back to Arkansas City. It was a feeling of sadness and gloom mixed with a feeling of desolation and a sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach. Everything was quiet and still. All I could hear was, now and then, a lonely train whistle and the ticking of the telegraph.

I tried to think of something that would cheer me up, but all I could think of was school, and that wasn't much encouragement. I tried to think of the fun that I would have when I got back, seeing my friends again, but no matter what I tried to think of, thoughts of the fun that I had had in the time I was there kept breaking in on me.

Then I'd start reviewing all that I had done and the fun that I'd had while I was there, and the fun that I could have by staying. I thought of the new friends I had made and of how much I was going to miss them. I thought of the girl that I had met, and I suppose that if I were to confess the truth, that she was one of the real reasons why I was reluctant to leave.

The appearance of the day and my surroundings only served to make things worse. The day was hot and dry. The sun was beating down mercilessly and there wasn't any breeze at all. The weeds growing gaunt and tall around the station added nothing to the appearance. Everything taken into consideration it was a very gloomy ending to all the good times that I'd had.

—Clifton Howard





Top row—Spangler, Wittenborn, Mallory, Moore, Thieme, Tillson, Shepherd, Shephard, Young.  
 Third row—Rogers, Seipp, Mooney, Sawyer, Sowden, Tibbetts, Sheehey, Turner, Shephard.  
 Second row—Weisbach, Martin, Reppenhagen, Rymph, Nugen, Martin, Stoeffel, Nugen, Stocking, Mooney.  
 First row—Towles, Smith, Rahn, Sarcoxe, Womack, Wright, Van Skike, Tyler, Patterson.

Bottom Panel

Top row—Overstreet, Johnson, Ring, Minnis, Howard, Smith.  
 Third row—Slocum, Walker, Harding, Turman, Norman, Symes, Winslow.  
 Second row—Wasson, Smith, McDonough, New, McKerracher, Selan, Ruckel, Quinn, McGilbra.  
 First row—Seeley, Gould, Tinsley, Jones, Ream, Gatewood, Marsh.





Top row—Wilkinson, Ford, Tully, Kuntz, Keller, Robards, Baldrige.  
 Second row—Kroenert, Cooper, Holtby, Turner, Hill, Fisher, Anchoring, Dunlap.  
 Third row—Parker, Hinton, Parker, Hess, Ghram, Crabtree, Hardy, Chapin.  
 Fourth row—Clough, Foster, Holroyd, Sherwood, Ammons, Gaddis, Haslett.

Bottom Panel

Top row—Cochran, Copeland, Brink, Begwin, Dickerson, Easley.  
 Second row—Alexander, Brucker, Force, Cross, Abrams, Childs.  
 Third row—Essex, Boyle, Jones, Beamer, Bacastow, Coker, Boyle.  
 Fourth row—Burkath, Burnell, Edwards, Ames, Davis, Anderson, Adams.

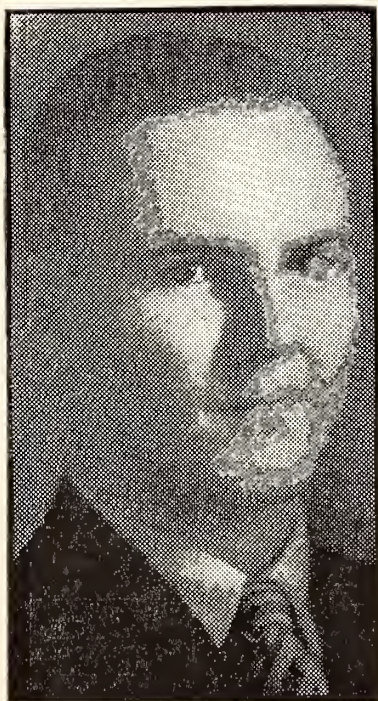


# The Winnahs!



Glen Montague

First  
Place  
Kansas  
Juco  
Men's  
Debate  
1937  
1938



Douglas More

First  
Place  
Kansas  
Juco  
Men's  
Debate  
1938  
1939

## Fall on the Golf Course

There is nothing more desolate than the attempt gait of a miniature golf course in the fall. The wind sweeps across and a few scattered players shiver in post-season, summer clothes. The radio shrieks out swing music and its light-heartedness seems entirely out of place.

At this time of year, when leaves are just beginning to fall, I'd rather be any place than at the

golf course. I go dismally about my evening's work and I always feel an unaccountable shame when the course is bare in the evening and no players attempt to knock around the little ball. I feel as though I were being condemned for something I done, and yet common sense tells me that the weather is no longer favorable for the people who flock to play during the summer.

I try to console myself by thinking that when summer comes again, the lights will be bright and the course crowded with happy people. But I never can wholly convince myself, and each year I fell as I do now—that just because of a cold north wind I must say goodbye forever to the playground I love.

—Iris Tyler

## The Yard Boy

The yard boy at the Williams Estate has many duties in the summer months. Two of these are faithfully to mow the yard once a week, wash and keep in running order the two cars which are driven by the family.

The duties stated above may sound very simple to the person who lives in the city and has a small yard to mow and keep trimmed, but at the Williams Estate a different situation exists. The yard is seventy-five tapering off to one hundred and thirty-five feet wide; and one hundred and seventy-five feet long. There are twenty-six trees on the lot, two rose beds, one rock garden, and a small rock wall surrounding the yard, which must be trimmed.

This particular yard boy, who has been with the family for the past eighteen years, took a great deal of pride in the care of the trees around the house. For some unknown reason one of the freshly planted evergreens which stood at a very attractive spot began to turn brown. This gave a bad appearance to the front of the house. The yard boy deciding that there was nothing to lose, began to experiment with the tree and find out just why the tree did not grow in its present position. With the idea of restoring life into the tree he gathered books and information from people who knew the subject.

Good rich dirt was gathered from the banks of the Arkansas River, fertilizer was gathered from the stable, and the tree was again planted. With careful watching, trimming, and watering the tree again began to grow. Preparations were made to move the tree back to its original position. While digging the hole for the tree, some cement and lime were discovered to form a very concrete mixture of the earth where the tree had originally set. With this discovery in mind the mystery of the dying evergreen was solved.

With this misery off the yard boy's mind he went on trimming the grass away from the rock wall, and from around the house.

With the long sunny summer days rapidly leaving and the work in the yard growing less, the yard boy is preparing for a very busy winter trying to better himself in his slightly bad English, algebra and chemistry. He has just realized that there is no future in following a lawnmower or pushing grease into springs that squeak.

—Jack Williams



## A Paper Duck

Fifty of us, all total strangers, were going over the Blue Ridge Mountains in a huge Greyhound bus. But after only a few minutes we felt as much at ease as if we had always been friends. We became acquainted so quickly because all of us had one objective—to do something to keep our minds off the mountains. That probably sounds rather shocking to anyone who had heard of the beauty of mountain scenery, but we were in a bus and each of us had that terrible dizzy feeling which usually accompanies riding an elevator or on a roller coaster. It was caused by the swing of the bus around and up and down the mountains. We just couldn't "take" the mountains from a bus.

We started conversations with everybody in the accompanying seats, but we soon found that talking wasn't enough. We could still feel our stomachs lurch everytime the bus went down a mountain. In desperation, we giggled at nothing at all and told silly jokes until we thought we would jump out of the window rather than hear another one.

Finally one young man came to our rescue. He produced a paper duck which flapped if its tail were pulled. Everyone, young and old, plunged hysterically into this latest diversion of trying to make a little duck. Old men nervously tore up their time tables and tried to get the paper folded just right, all the while carefully explaining that they wanted to learn so they would be able to show Junior when they got home. Only the younger people on the bus would admit that they wanted to make a duck just because it was "awfully cute."

The little "flapper's" most redeeming feature was its complexity of construction. It took most of us 200 miles to puzzle out its mystery and, after we got it finished, it served most of us for another fifty miles or so by obligingly flapping its wings when properly stimulated.

When our bus finally arrived in Washington, D. C., and we all got off, there was only one thing left behind. It was a neat little sign pinned to the last seat which read:

"In memoriam to Oscar, the Duck,  
who so nobly helped us to forget the  
mountains".

And beneath, instead of a bouquet, a pile of table scraps left from making many, many Oscars.

—Iris Tyler

## A Night Aerial Attack

Zoom, zoom, zoom. The enemy dived, aiming at a vulnerable spot unprotected in the open. I sluggishly rose in bed and listened. Zoom. Again came the attack.

The day had been hard on me; I was stiff, tired, and sore; and now I had to enter into mortal combat in the middle of the night with a mosquito.

Anger flooded me. I swung lustily, and contacted the head of the bed and just about ruined my hand. Disgusted, I pulled the cover over me, leaving only my face out. Zoom. The enemy had found me. Determined I again rose, grasped a pillow, and prepared for battle. I swung again and again.

Every time the insect dodged, maneuvering himself into a position to strike.

Seeing my efforts were useless, I resorted to strategy. I laid my left arm out as bait and prepared to kill with my right. The mosquito circled down, sinking the instrument of injection up to its hilt. I swung and missed for the last time.

With a muttered curse I grabbed a blanket and retreated to the cushions on the porch, where I spent the rest of the night unmolested.

—George Seipp

## Basketball Team Is Second

(Continued from page 2)

ed into the eastern and western divisions for basketball. Each team plays two games with every other club in its division. Winners of the two sections meet in a playoff series for the conference championship at the close of the regular schedule.

Teams, other than Arkansas City, which comprise the western division are Hutchinson, El Dorado, Pratt, Dodge City, and Garden City. The Tigers play each of the quintets, home and home.

Parsons won the state championship last season by defeating the Eldorado Grizzlies in the playoff series. Fort Scott is favored to win the eastern division title this winter, however. They mashed the Cardinals under a 48-28 score in their opening engagement to serve notice of their terrific power.

As we go to press:

Second place in the conference basketball race was definitely cinched February 28, with the Tigers 46 to 35 win over Pratt, in the final game of the season.

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# With Our Literary Friends

## Feathered Grace

Recently, while on a short hike over to the Arkansas River, I noticed many remarkable things about the habits and different natures of birds. About the most interesting thing, however, was the flight of a female swallow.

I had been loafing around a tiny sand bank, watching the movements of a number of small insects as they toiled over a large morsel of food, when I heard a soft whirring sound just above my head. As I looked up, a very beautiful bird came swooping into a steeply banked curve not more than ten or fifteen feet away. I had seen birds do this same trick many times before, but there seemed to be something singular about this bird that caught my attention immediately. The bird was not very large, but possessed supreme ease and equilibrium while in flight.

I recognized this species as a member of the female side of the swallow clan. She was extremely self-centered about her graceful and intricate movements, and made them hard to follow. She delighted in diving at the ground at break-neck speed, then suddenly whipping up and over in a turn that no airplane would ever be capable of doing. All of her motions appeared to be premeditated, not like the helter-skelter, uncouth flight of the common sparrow. She kept showing off her prowess until she must have decided that I was becoming bored, for she suddenly whipped into a hair-pin turn and swished away in a flurry of soft, downy feathers. I was so delighted in having seen such a magnificent show in the late sunset, that I hardly noticed anything else on the way home.

—Wayne Howard

## The Eyes Have It

It was uncomfortably quiet in the old store room. The air hung heavy with the sweet irritating odor of soap. Only occasionally could I hear the faint rustle of some store-room pest. Yet some sense telegraphed a warning that I was being watched. I rose slowly from my kneeling position and looked about but saw nobody. An eerie chill made a race track of my spine as I resumed my task of sacking potatoes. My nerves seemed to stand at attention ready to execute any order I might give. Somewhere in this room someone or something was watching me. I could feel it my whole nervous system screamed it. I looked around more cautiously, more closely. Way back in a dark corner where the dim yellow light from the grimy bulb failed to reach, a pair of needle like eyes glistening, piercing, stared at me from between two boxes. With all my strength I hurled a rotten potato at them. The potato squashed just above where the little creature had vanished. As I wiped the sweat from my forehead I felt ashamed of myself. Never before had I been so afraid of a mouse.

—Harry Mc Korracher

## A Black Pit

While traveling through Pennsylvania I had the good fortune to visit a coal mine, the town nearby, and its inhabitants.

One who has the sun throughout every day knows nothing of the souls of some mineworkers to whom it is merely a round, hot, heavenly body, to be taken as a matter of fact, to pass without notice.

To me the sun is promise, reward, fulfilment. To miners, what could it mean, since their life is within a half world, filled with weird rumblings and groanings. A half-world inhabited by furtive dull-eyed individuals who walk hand in hand with fear, and know not when fate would close its hand and cut them off entirely from the world above, the world into which they emerged in the graying darkness of evening and which they quitted in the graying darkness before the true dawn.

To me this life would be a ghoulish existence, if it might be termed existence. Blackened faces vomited up over the edge of the pit which resembled nothing more than some half hidden entrance into the inner-most parts of the earth. Blackened faces with gray streaks through the blackness, cut by streams of sweat. Hunched and rounded shoulders, as if from being squeezed into too little space for normal standing or sitting. Gnarled hands, scratched and cut, with the black ground shoved into the abrasions, into the pores.

And when they emerged from the black pit and came into the world of men. They walked as if too weary to stand erect. Faces lined with toil, eyes blurred with fatigue. Dry mouths gulping great draughts of air. Metal dinner buckets in hand, seeming like balls and chains attached to the black talons in which they were carried.

They then plod to the little shacks which they call home. Nothing is in their eyes, no joy, no relief, as their heavily studded boots go pounding upon the cobblestoned roadway.

—Vernon Overstreet

## My Early Fall Cold

I have never realized what hay fever sufferers have to put up with until now. For the first time I have an early fall cold and miserable is a totally inadequate word to describe the way I feel. A repetition of this every fall would be just too much. I can't breathe, I can't smell, I can't enjoy the Indian summer. In fact, the warmer the weather, the worse I feel.

I dread going into classes where chalk is used because chalk dust makes my cold even worse. I stay away from sunshine because it makes my eyes water. I can't enter into a casual conversation because my nasal whine is depressing to the most devoted friend. Instead I must go sneezing through the day with bleary eyes and reddened nose.

When I try to evoke sympathy, people say, "Cold, humph? Now if you had my hay fever—". But hay fever or not, I still feel like answering the question, "Isn't this grand weather?", with a morose, "Aw, shuddup!"

—Iris Tyler







